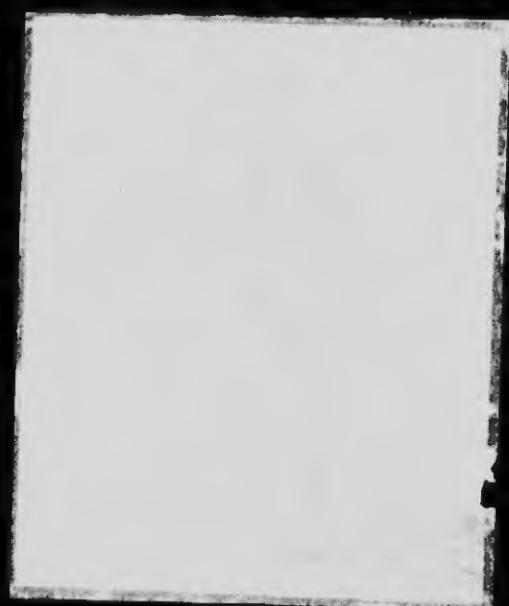
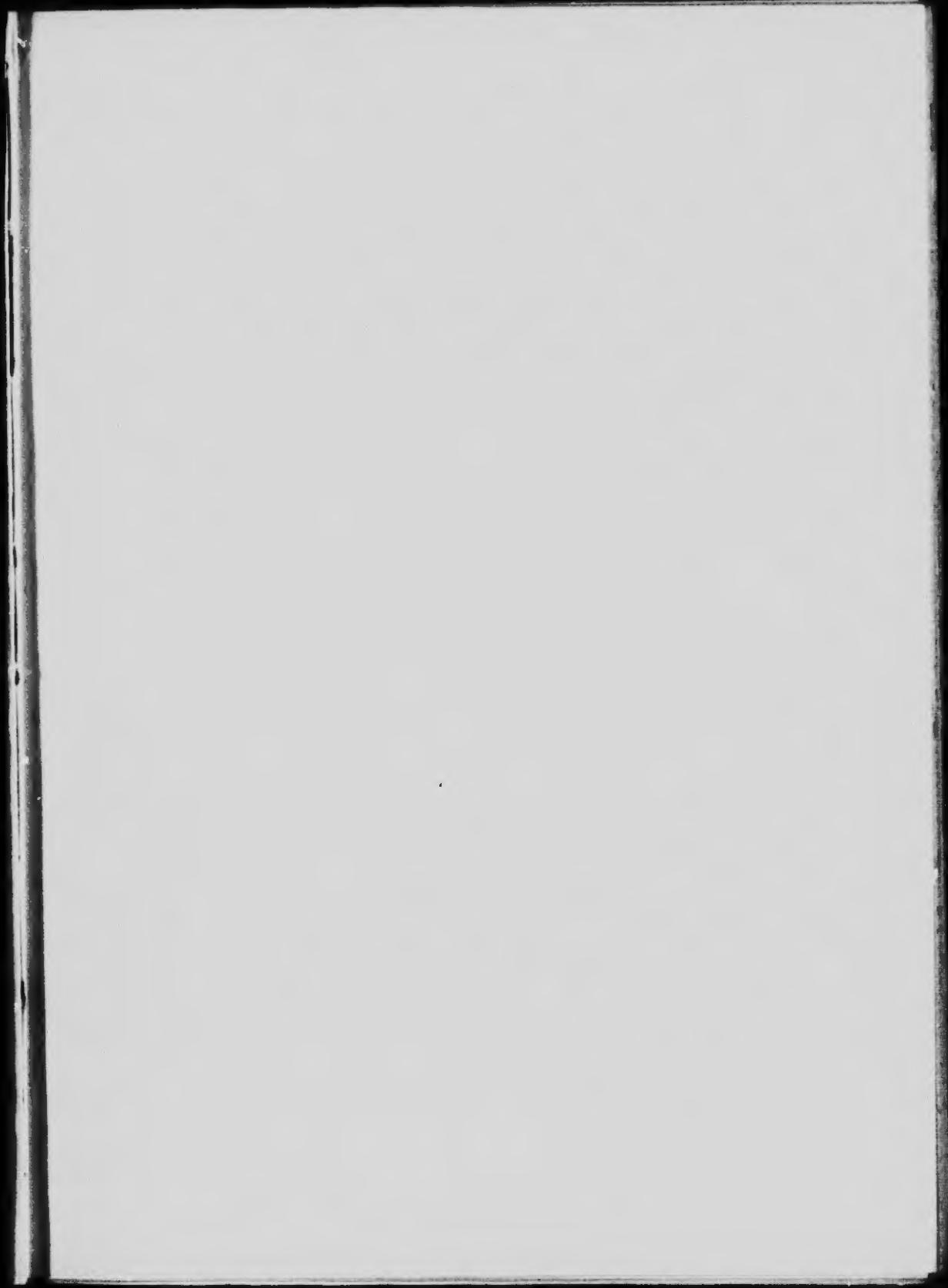
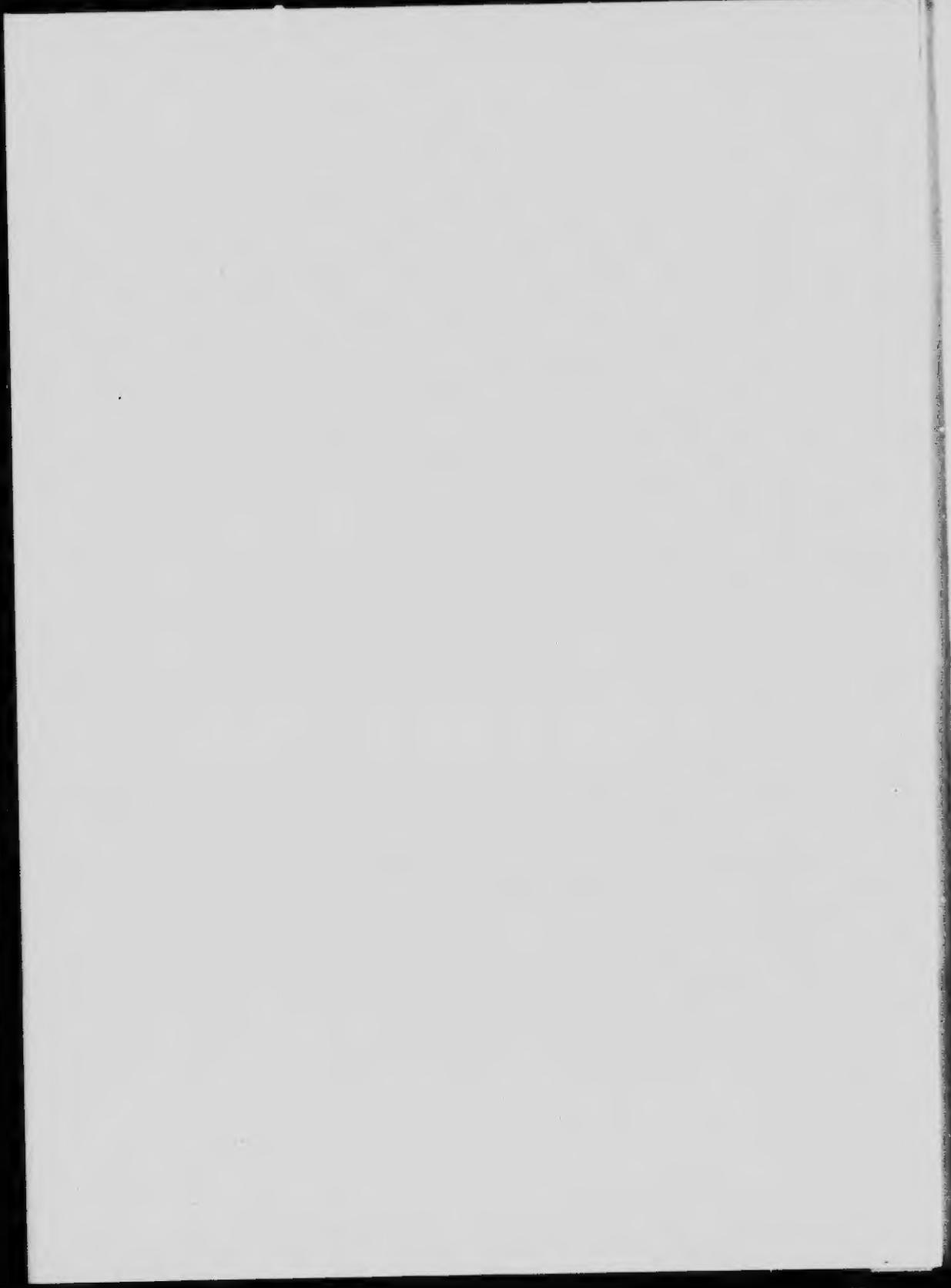


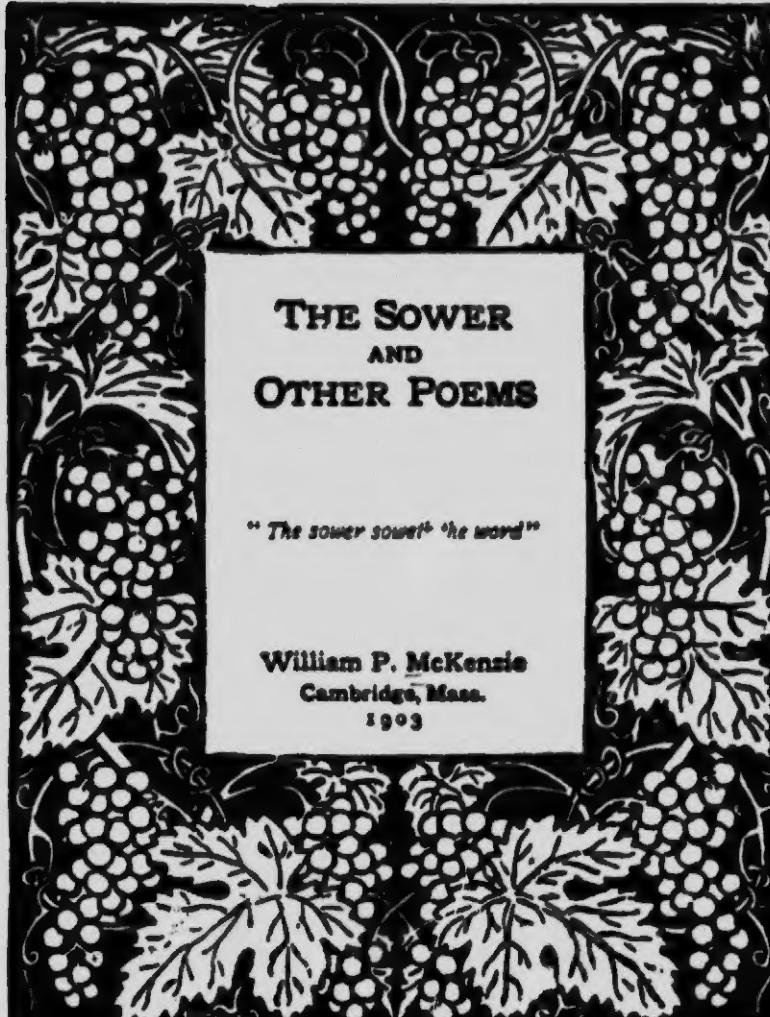
# THE SOWER AND OTHER POEMS



By William P. McKenzie







**THE SOWER  
AND  
OTHER POEMS**

"The sower soweth the word"

William P. McKenzie  
Cambridge, Mass.  
1903

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1903

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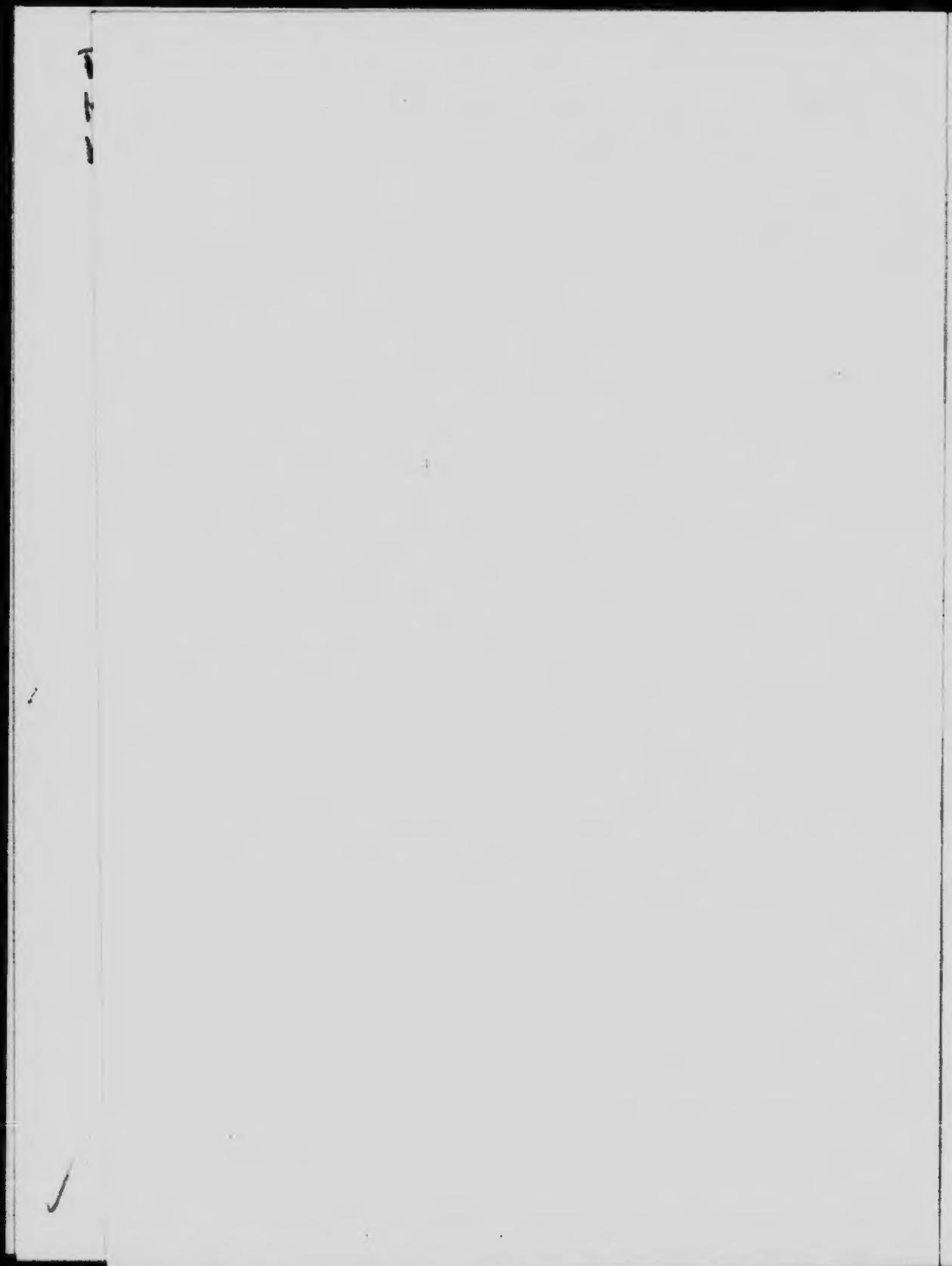
*Copyright, 1889, 1891, 1903.  
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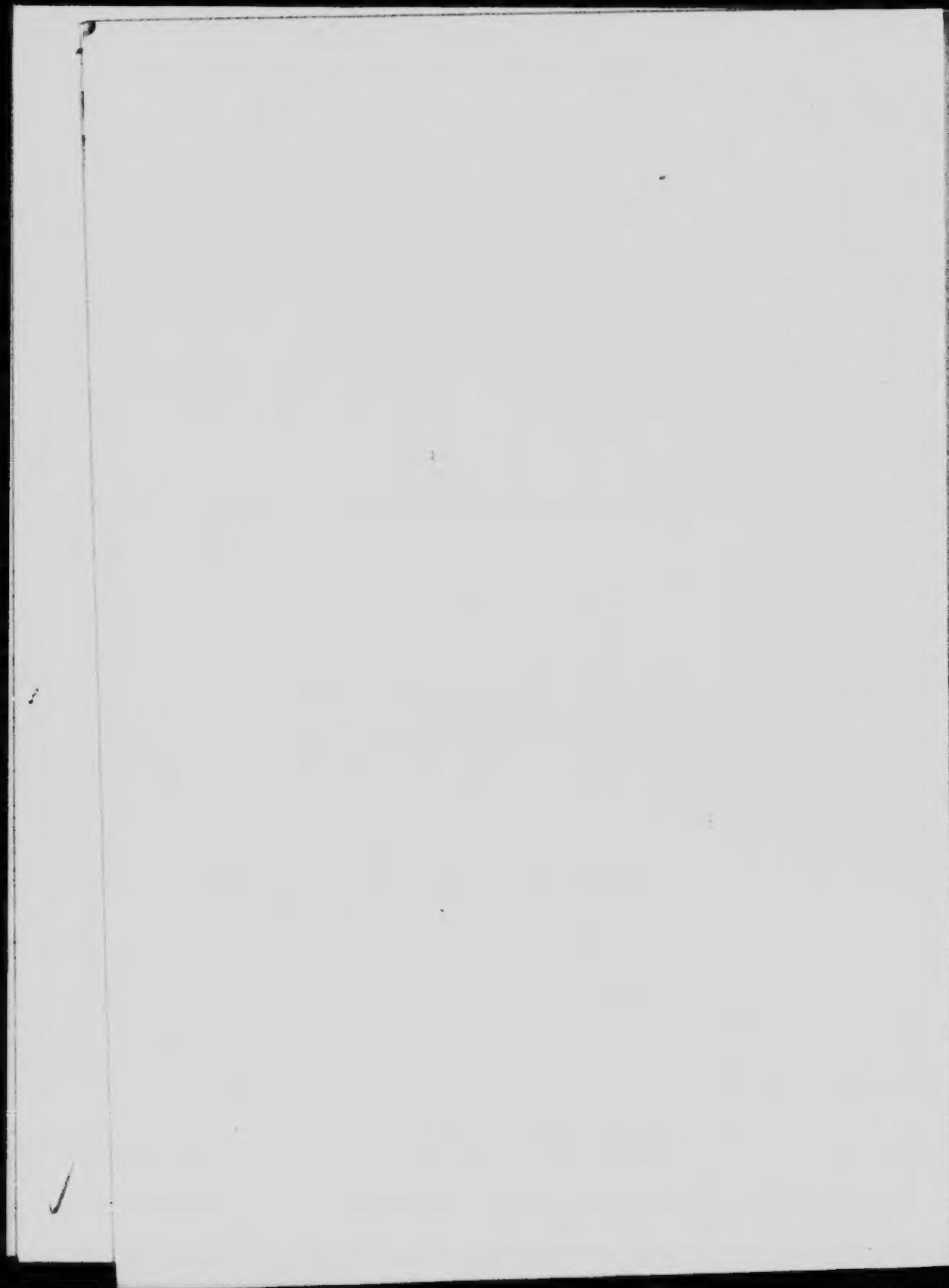


The fields of earth are sown,  
And many are in the yield.  
O Sower, taith lone,  
That the fields of the earth be sown,  
And joy for the race be known,  
May the Lord of the Harvest yield!  
The fields of earth are sown,  
How many share in the yield.





**The Sower  
and Other Poems**



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# The Sower



12



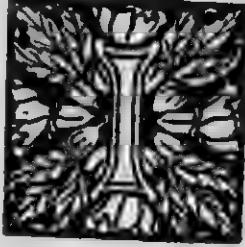
ORN with thy toil, that seemeth  
unavailing, [reward;  
Fear not, thou Sower, most sure is thy  
Wait till the end, for Justice is unfailing,  
Working the plans of Love, the  
heavenly Lord.

Thine is not labor lustreless and weary,  
Toil spent for wages and reward of  
daily bread; [and dreary,  
Nor thine to scheme, with selfish thought  
Holding an abundance whereof no  
poor are fed.

Sower thou art now,—foresee the joy  
of harvest,  
The hungry shall be fed with what  
thy hands supply;  
Scatter free thy good seed, though for  
lack thou starvest,  
Love's hundredfold of increase thy  
heart will satisfy.

## With Peace like a River





In its quiet valley, with tree-clad  
banks  
Miles and miles along,  
The river floweth and giveth  
thanks,  
Singing its quiet song.

Gentle its flow o'er the sandy bed ;  
Ripples that gleam like smiles  
Give back the glow of the sun o'er-head,  
To think of in after-whiles.

I would I could tell of a life I know,  
Reflecting ever the good,  
With peace and praise like a river's  
flow,—  
Making Love understood.

# Love Seeking Beauty



16



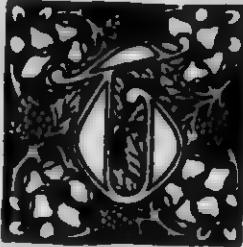
OVE seeking beauty finds in every place  
Some charm, unseen by sordid eyes,  
appear ;  
For her the pageant of the passing  
year,—  
Each marching day with glorious  
morning face,  
And farewell smile, when golden clouds  
enlace  
The peaceful West,—whose colors  
are brought near  
To lowly earth by flowers, in whose  
dear  
Heart-blessing faces present joy we trace.

In times of storm, love knows the storm  
will pass ;  
Her heart at peace finds no storm  
enter in, [sight  
She hath no fears to cloud the present  
Of beauty ever,—beauty of the grass  
Refreshed by rain ; of humble ones  
from sin  
New-cleansed, reflecting heaven's  
gracious light.

## The Upward Look



18



OILER and drudge, look up!  
The sky is blue,  
And clouds as white as  
wool  
Float lightly there;  
The love-light of the heavens  
Is over you,  
And like a floating cloud  
Is all your care.

Great peace have they who love  
The heavenly way;  
The upward look of joy,  
The tender tone,  
Brighten the toilsome hours;—  
How bright a ray  
Of God's love-light springs up  
When love is sown.

## The Peace of God





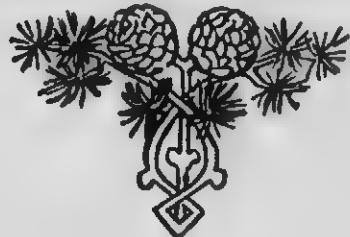
APPY the man whose heart can rest,  
Sure that God's goodness ne'er will  
cease ;  
Each day, complete, with joy is blessed,  
God keepeth him in perfect peace.

God keepeth him, and God is one,—  
One Life, forevermore the same,  
One Truth unchanged while ages run,  
Eternal Love His holiest name.

Dwelling in Love that cannot change,  
From anxiety fear man finds release ;  
No more his homeless longings range,  
God keepeth him in perfect peace.

In perfect peace, with tumult stilled,  
Enchanted where no storms arise,  
There man can work what God hath  
willed,  
The joy of perfect work his prize.

# The Meek Shall Inherit



22



HEY crucified Lord Jesus,  
The people, in their madness  
Upsurged by priestcraft badness,—  
    Hate of the pure and good.

They who had cried, Hosanna,  
Stood round about him jeering :  
“ This is no King’s appearing,  
    Nailed on the accursed rood.

“ Come down, thou great King Jesus,  
We then may call thee Saviour ! ”  
God-like was his behaviour,  
    To his own teaching true.

“ Father,” he kept repeating,  
With love divinely living.  
“ Father, be thou forgiving,  
    They know not what they do.”

## **The Meek Shall Inherit**

---



24

THUS HE with power to blast them,  
Was heavenly in meekness ;  
They thought his patience weakness,—  
But strength divine was this.

Strength to resist not evil  
‘Mid devil-hate’s assailing,  
To wait for Love’s availing,  
While the bitter cup was his.

Through meekness he was victor ;  
He sought but to be lowly,  
Then God the ever-holy  
Raised him to life above.

Thus man’s true life was proven  
Unslayable, eternal,  
Joined with the Life supernal,—  
When hate was met with love.

## Harvesting



25



ELL shall it be with the upright man,  
Well, ever well;  
For the deeds of his mind are like  
the seed  
That grows and ripens for  
coming need;  
Hand's work comes back to the hand,  
they tell,  
Cease to do evil: learn to do well —  
For that is the heavenly plan.

Light is sown for the righteous man,  
Light, heavenly light;  
Mists may hang o'er the sproutless  
fields,  
And toil be long ere the good grain  
yields;  
But the harvest brings the sower's  
reward  
In winnowed grain from the hand of  
his Lord  
Who purges all with his fan.

## An Enemy's Sowing





SOWED good wheat in the field,  
And labored under the sun ;  
But after the toil was done  
My senses by sleep were sealed,  
In the long, long wait for the yield.

Unburdened by honest cares,  
An enemy, ever awake  
His uncaused hate to slake,  
Scattered his bag of tares  
On the earth late turned by the shares.

The innocent, brown, ploughed earth,  
Mellowed by rain and sun,  
Knew not of the ill deed done,  
But nourished the seeds to birth  
That in harvest-time make dearth.

When sleep I at last disown,  
And arise to labor with zest,  
The field with green is dressed ;  
But amidst the wheat upgrown,  
Are tares by the enemy sown.

## An Enemy's Sowing



30

THE AWAKING came too late,  
For the clutching tares had bound  
Wheat-stalks with tendrils round ;  
Till the harvest my laborers wait  
To purge out the sowing of hate.

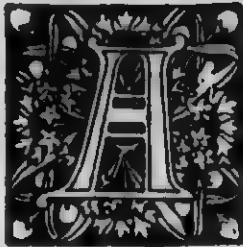
In the yellow autumn days  
Red fires in the evening glow,  
And purple smoke hangs low,—  
'T is the withered tares that blaze,  
Their smoke makes the lilac haze.

Of the wheat I have reaped what was  
~~sown~~,  
With an increase thirty-fold,  
It is safe in the garner's hold ;  
But an hundredfold shall be known  
When the field is for wheat alone.

**Torment Us Not**

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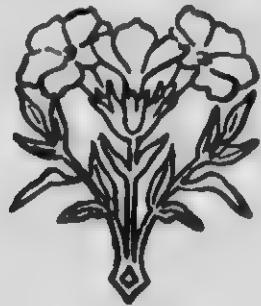


DEMON-HAUNTED man, when  
Christ passed by,  
Cried with a piteous voice, "What  
can there be  
Of kinship, Son of God, for me  
and thee,—

I the most low and thou from the Most High!"  
Then legion lusts urged from his lips the cry,  
"Before the time art come to torment me?"  
But Jesus spake,— and from delusions free,  
In his right mind the man, redeemed, drew nigh.

To-day's outcries proclaim the demon fears  
Lest truth like flame reveal the warp of lies  
Where envy hastens to in-weave ill surmise.  
"Leave us alone! for all our work of years  
If touched by truth would flash to smoke  
wind-blown,  
And nothing leave for hate to call its own."

## Known by its Fruit



24



E who desires with single mind  
To make the simple truth his  
rule,  
Cannot divide his thought to find  
His neighbor's fault or name him  
"fool."

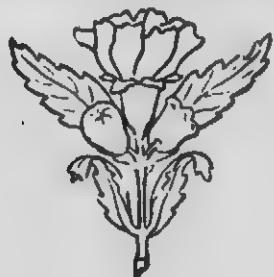
He like a husbandman is wise,—  
His trees are pruned, his vines are dressed,  
Till glowing fruit makes glad the eyes,  
And vintage proves his labor blessed.

With double mind the Pharisee  
Exalts himself in unbased pride.  
By thinking all men worse than he;  
Nor seeks with right to be allied.

Shall one to holiness lay claim,  
Only because he can malign  
His brother-man,—so have the name  
Of righteousness without the sign?

The thorns within his vineyard grown,  
The nettles in neglected fields,  
The stone wall broken down, make known  
How little good at last pride yields.

## Opportunity



36



E have seen the star! rise and follow,  
Arouse thee, brother," the wise man  
said.

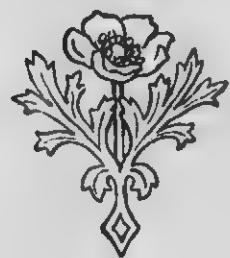
"What, in the night? What wilt thou  
follow,  
By which of the twinkles in heaven's  
dim hollow  
Into the desert wilt thou be led?"

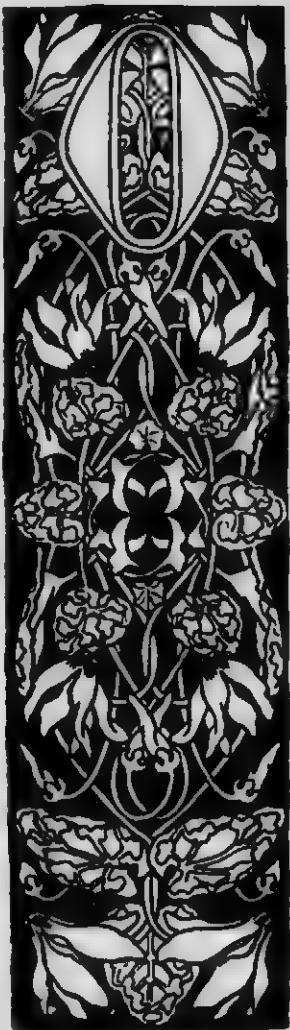
"We have seen the star, where star was never,  
Calling us, brother, in the Eastern dark;  
This is the portent we follow, and ever  
We near the end of our life's endeavor,—  
Thou too canst see wouldest thou only mark!"

"No star I'll follow, dim night is for sleeping,  
A phantom is this ye will follow too far;  
Balsms of the night my senses are steeping,—"  
The wise men departed, their faithful watch  
keeping.  
The unwise remained, but no more came  
the star.

# Faith

---





OUT from the limpid waters of a lake  
A craggy island reared its tangled  
head;  
"No beauty there," a stranger  
would have said—  
But we who pressed and crackled  
through the brake  
Discovered there a pool all  
spangled bright  
With lily flowers; naught else  
could grow  
From evil mire that turbid lay below  
Yet these looked to the sky  
with calm delight,  
Receiving thence the largess of  
the Sun  
That patient waiting from his rays  
had won,  
And keeping golden wealth in  
chalice white.  
Thus faith from seeming evil heart  
may rise  
And be enriched with blessings  
from the skies,  
For unto those who trust, the Lord  
is Light.

## Life from the Dead



40



MONG the dead too long have I  
been lying,  
Among the dead-alive whose  
hope is gone,  
Whose eyes with stupor greet the  
glowing dawn,

Who know no longer merriment or crying,  
But one dull, even weariness of plying  
Unhonored, unrewarded labor, — wan  
As ghosts, unfeatured, they are drawn  
By pain to toil that brings no satisfying.

Yet this an anguished dream must be,  
no more ;  
For in the silence something ever calls,  
Hinting of love, of beauty, joy to be ;  
And then hope trembles at the being's  
core,—  
'Tis faith in God makes freemen out of  
thralls ;  
By faith renewed true life comes back  
to me.

## When Hate is Blind



42



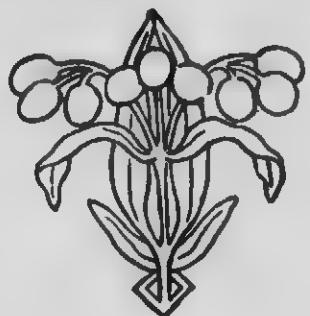
HAT shall I say to my cruel foe  
Who maketh his joy what  
hurteth me?  
This cry to God from my depth  
of woe,  
“Open his eyes that he may see!”

Open his eyes to the heavenly law  
Which ever the triumph of good ensures,  
Till seeing God as the prophets saw,  
In his life God's radiant love endures.

That he may see in his brother man,  
And love, God's likeness though faint  
the trace ;  
And cleanse from his thought all hate that can  
By anguish his brother's joy erase.

When I pray for this my hurt is healed,  
The warrior strife is stilled in me ;  
Then I pray for love yet unrevealed,  
“Open my eyes that I may see !”

# Living Waters



44



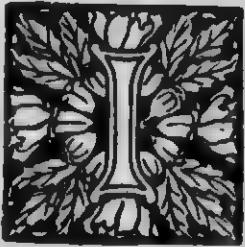
HEN 'neath the palms, glad of  
oasis-rest,  
The swarthy children of the desert  
dwell,  
This legend of the past the elders tell—  
How once a spring refreshed an  
angel-guest,  
And God so gave it life at his request  
That where its precious drops on hot  
sands fell  
A gushing water-spring would swift  
upwell,  
And wanderers of the barren plain  
be blessed.

One there was once who dwelt upon  
the earth,  
Who unto men the living water  
brings,  
Whereof receiving, in a land of dearth  
Where'er we go we may sow  
water-springs;  
Soon shall the whole wide earth his  
witness know,  
And water brooks in every desert flow!

# Ministry



46



F Kings would control  
the multitude in masses,  
Love serves the needy where one  
the blessing craves ;  
Blind Bartimæus' cry the Christ  
hears as he passes,  
And pausing for the one man,  
one man more he saves.

Seekest thou some great thing ?  
Let thy heart not cherish  
Aught to obscure thy nighest  
chance to bless ;  
Forget not the many and love them  
lest they perish,  
Yet surely save the one lamb  
from the wilderness.

## Temple-Building





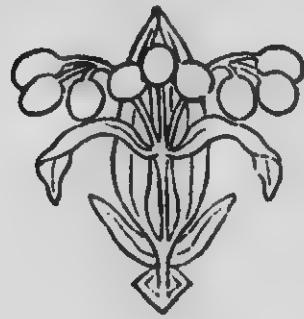
IS builders wrought for Solomon,  
And hewed the cedar trees;  
They squared the beams in  
Lebanon,  
And bare them over-seas.

The quarry-tools of Gebal's men,  
And Sidon's axe-men, rest—  
First came their shaping-toil,  
and then  
Its place for what is best.

For there on Mount Moriah's height,  
Silent, the one thought shows;  
Great beams and stones are fitted  
right,  
Like petals in a rose.

In squaring now her temple-stones  
Love keeps alone the good;  
By cleavage of man's pride  
stones,  
Then compacts brotherhood.

## Gifts in Sleep



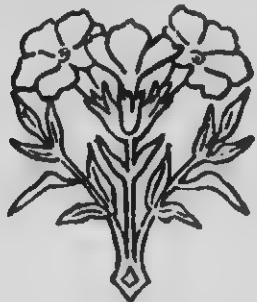
50



HY building thou wouldest have  
    all men extol,  
But God alone thy life can edify;  
With endless skill thine art thou  
    mayest ply,  
With peering eyes search ancient law  
    and scroll,  
And mete thyself of sleep a meager dole,  
Rising to toil at dawn with deep-drawn sigh,  
Taking so late thy rest, but not thereby  
Comes growth and life's enlargement  
    to thy soul.

Why do thy wakeful burning eyes refuse  
The balm and healing of His nightly dews?  
For growth and strength what need to pray  
    and weep  
When it is thine if thou wilt only choose?  
Rest in His love, no vigils weary keep,  
"He giveth unto His beloved in sleep!"

## Two Paths



22

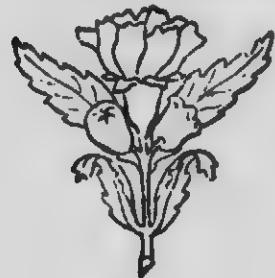


APPY the man who gives no heed  
When men of wicked minds  
would lead,  
Who will not for ill-counsel stand,  
Nor with the scornful join his hand;  
God's law in thought is his delight,  
And comforts him by day and night.

His life is fruitful like the tree  
Rooted where water-streams flow free,  
Whose leaf no drought of summer  
knows,  
Whose luscious fruit to ripeness grows;  
Thus good by every season brought  
Prosperst the good man's act and thought.

But men ungodly are not so ;  
Like idle chaff blown to and fro  
By harvest winds, so disappear  
The plans they cherish, and with fear  
They find that sin in ruin ends,  
While God the righteous man befriends.

## God's Tokens



54



O bright this May-time round me  
I behold  
The tokens of God's love;  
The green grass shines with  
heaven's gold,  
Blossoms are white above.

White are the floating clouds that sail  
the blue,  
Swept by the wind's delight;  
Bird-singing weaves its joy-gleams  
through  
The thrilling rays of light.

A little child, as lowly as the grass,  
Sings of His watchful care;  
White orchard blooms, white clouds  
that pass,  
Join with the gentle prayer.

## A Song of Rest



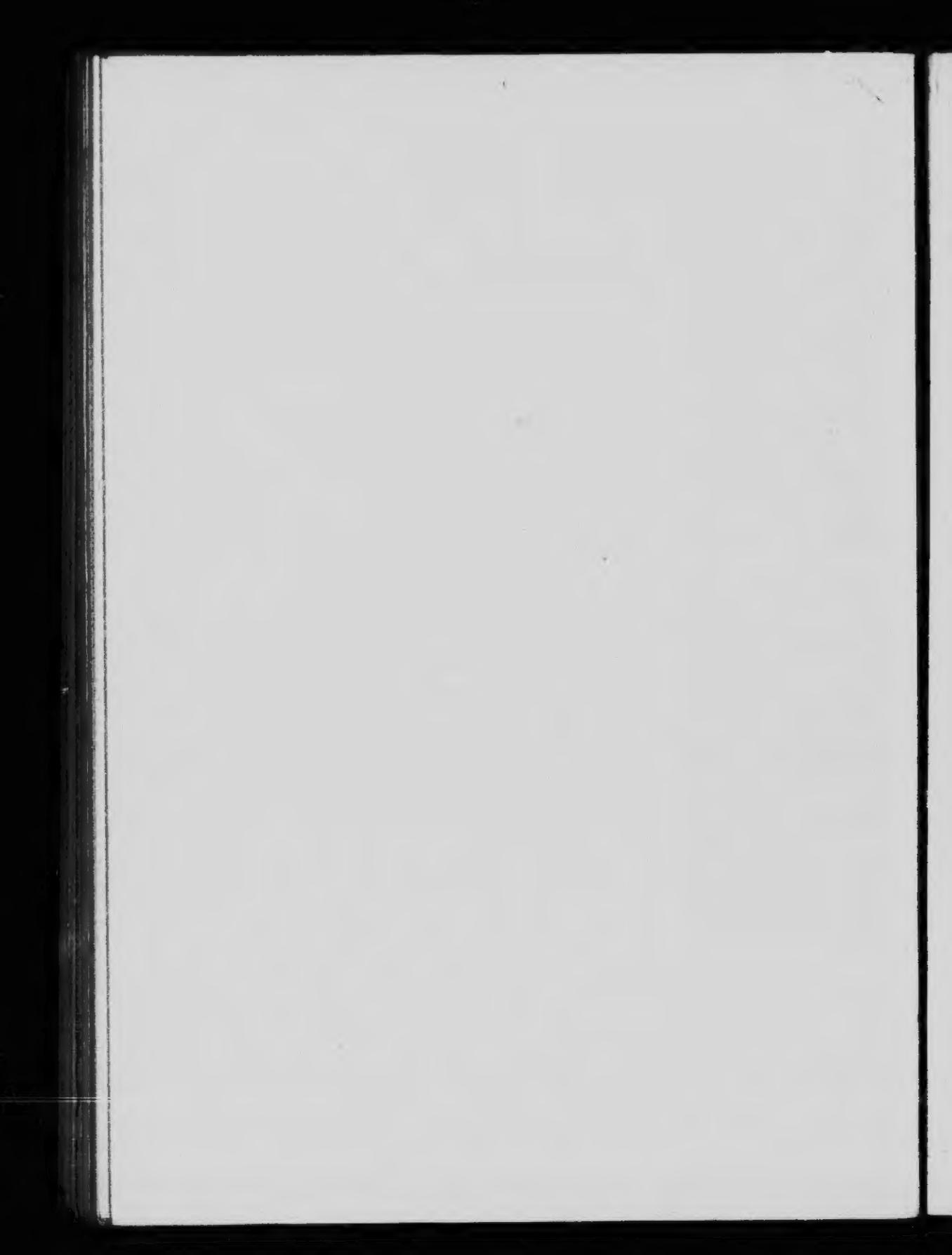
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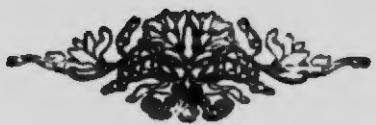


AM only a child, who is lying  
In the bosom of infinite Love;  
I speak not of living or dying,  
I know not of sorrow and crying.  
My thoughts are dwelling above.

The spring of the life that is flowing  
Is hidden with Christ in God;  
Not yet the mystery knowing,  
I feel that the peace is growing  
As a river grows deep and broad.

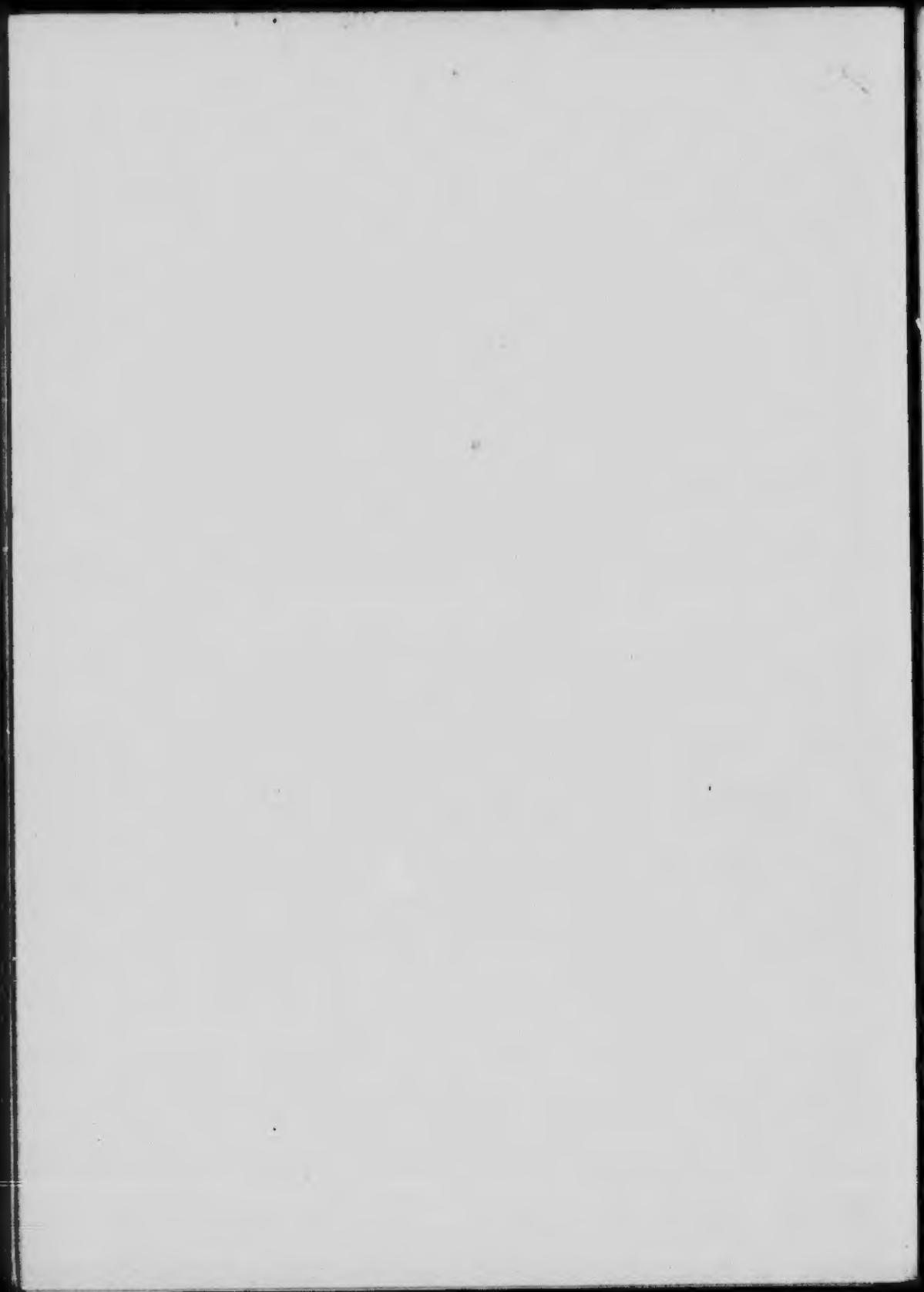
All I need, without price I am  
buying  
By my trust in the Goodness  
above;  
There's an end to my yearning and  
sighing,  
For just like a child I am lying  
In the bosom of infinite Love.





*When the fields are rustling gold  
With the full grain in the ear,  
Is the Sower not consoled? —  
When the fields are rustling gold  
And the Reaper's joy is told.  
For the Harvest Home is near;  
When the fields are rustling gold  
With the full wheat in the ear.*





THE TITLE-PAGE AND INITIAL LETTERS  
IN THIS BOOK WERE DESIGNED AND  
DRAWN BY MISS E. H. MCLAUGHLIN.  
THE TYPE CHOSEN IS CHELTENHAM OLD  
STYLE, DESIGNED BY BERTRAM GROS-  
VENOR GOODHUE.  
THE PRINTING IS BY THE SPARRELL  
PRINT, BOSTON.  
THE BINDING IS BY THE BOSTON BOOK-  
BINDING COMPANY, IN CAMBRIDGE.